Showtime

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Showtime

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Summary

It had started simply, and they had fallen quickly. Once in a while they still worked together on cases, would meet at a crime scene and Will would slip his glasses over his eyes just so to avoid Hannibal's eyes, to avoid everyone's. Once in a while, in a professional capacity, they met at Quantico.

But behind the closed doors of their homes, where there was only them and the clothes between their seeking fingers, Hannibal was small. He was safe. He was cared for. He was Little.

The Hanniboys are in a consensual 24/7 Daddy/Little Boy relationship. When Hannibal goes away to a conference where he can't check in with Will every day, Will leaves instructions...

Notes

Based on a truly gorgeous prompt: Hannibal is away on a business trip and has no access to the internet, so has to record himself doing all manner of depraved things for his Daddy. Will is very pleased and insists on watching all the videos back to back as Hannibal lays over his lap getting his ass petted and spanked (bonus: Will being utterly delighted at how naughty and disgustingly desperate his boy is on camera and having to voice this to Hannibal who is hiding his furious blush in the crook of his arm)

How could we resist?

Please note: we kept Hannibal as teen-Little rather than baby-Little :)

See the end of the work for more notes

When Hannibal arrived at Wolf Trap, he was travel-worn and tired. He had been away for a week, out of Baltimore, out of range of a decent internet connection, and he missed Will desperately. He gathered his travel bag from the back of the car and made his way to the door, smiling when he heard the dogs.

They soothed him with their warmth and love, as surely as Will's presence did.

He didn't knock, he didn't need to. Will was as attuned to his dogs as he was to his instincts. He held open the screen door and hung out of it, a half-smile crooked as he looked at Hannibal.

"Hello stranger," he murmured, straightening up as Hannibal came closer, and catching his hand against the man's tie. Tension melted from Hannibal's shoulders immediately.

"Hi, Daddy," he breathed, leaning into Will to nuzzle against his shoulder.

Will held him close for a long moment, a quiet space in which they each inhaled, deep breaths of each other when they'd been bereft for so long. No WiFi when Hannibal had been travelling, limited time for phone conversations. They'd become unused to being separated for so long.

Finally, Will turned his face into Hannibal's throat, running his nose up his neck to just beneath his ear. "You have a present for me, don't you, baby?"

Hannibal closed his eyes and shuddered. So it began, no time to brace himself, no delay. "Yes, Daddy."

Will smiled, nipping teasingly at Hannibal's earlobe. "You know what to do, then."

It took very little time to arrange themselves. Hannibal set his laptop up on a folding table, stripping out of his clothes and folding them neatly. Will sat on the edge of the bed, fully dressed, a small smirk on his face as Hannibal came to stand before him.

"Over Daddy's lap," Will said, patting his thigh. Hannibal moved in slow, jerky motions. Nothing could properly prepare him for what was coming, naked on the bed, sprawled over Will's lap, while Will reached for the mouse.

"Let's see what Monday has in store for us, hmm?"

It had started simply, and they had fallen quickly. Once in a while they still worked together on cases, would meet at a crime scene and Will would slip his glasses over his eyes just so to avoid Hannibal's eyes, to avoid everyone's. Once in a while, in a professional capacity, they met at Quantico.

But behind the closed doors of their homes, where there was only them and the clothes between their seeking fingers, Hannibal was small. He was safe. He was cared for. He was Little.

Will was Daddy. Will knew how to look after his boy and keep him in line. Will made everything okay.

Any time they weren't together, Will was Daddy on the phone, reminding Hannibal to relax, to not be so hard on himself, to not obsess, to not be *rude* . When Hannibal traveled, Will reminded him of the routines they kept together. He would call, nightly, to check on his good boy, to see if he was doing what Daddy said, to praise him and wish him good night.

But this trip… with its lagging connection and lack of phone calls, Will had seen his boy off with the following instructions: "Record yourself for Daddy, we'll watch together when you get home."

So Hannibal had.

"Hi Daddy," Hannibal murmured, eyes warm as he looked into the camera, then flicked them away to adjust how his phone was standing, making sure it was recording what it should. He sat back. The room was dimly lit by the bedside lamp on the bed Hannibal was not using, illuminated half his face. He was in his shirt and nothing else, his cock half-hard and peeking through where the buttons ended.

"I was thinking about you all day," Hannibal admitted softly, ducking his head and slipping a hand through his hair; almost shy, just how Will liked to see him when he pushed Hannibal to do new things for him. "I paid attention of course but… I wished I was coming home to you, not just an empty hotel room."

Will stroked softly through his boy's hair where he lay against him, chest and head in Will's lap, the rest of his body stretched out long and lazy on the bed. He had a hand up against his face and Will gentled it away, wanting to watch Hannibal's reactions to himself on screen.

Hannibal bit his lip and looked away for a second, as though checking that the door was locked, that no one would see or hear him when he turned back. His cheeks were warm with blush.

"You told me that because it was my first night away, and I'd be lonely without Daddy, that I could touch myself like Daddy does. You said I could touch for twenty minutes, and come only at the very, very end." Hannibal brought his wrist up and pushed a few buttons on his watch until it beeped. When he looked up again he was blushing darker.

The Hannibal in Will's arms, turned his face away into Daddy's lap and Will spanked him hard against his smooth bottom.

"Watch, baby, watch the video with Daddy."

Hannibal drew in a small, sharp gasp. Shyness had never been an issue for him before, but it overtook him in these moments with Will. Will gave Hannibal more than any other lover ever had, and expected more from Hannibal in return. Obedience, deference, *sweetness.*

Hannibal could not recall if a lover had ever called him 'sweet' before Will.

He turned his face back towards the screen, face flush as he watched himself.

In the hotel room, Hannibal draped himself back against the pillows, fingers teasing at the hem of his shirt. Masturbation had always been a perfunctory activity before, but now he had twenty minutes to fill, twenty minutes to hold back. He pulled the sides of his shirt apart to frame his cock, reaching for the lubricant.

His cock grew red and slick quickly, hips twitching as he pushed it through the tight circle of his fist. He tilted his head back with a low moan.

At home with Will, Hannibal softly echoed that moan, cock hard against the bed.

Will drew his fingers over Hannibal's scalp and hushed him gently, smiling at the screen where his obedient boy had, a week ago, so beautifully followed his instructions. He watched how the man on screen shifted just enough to rock his hips up into his hand, and kept his hand still. He purred, pleased, when Hannibal's other hand moved to spread over his chest and rub at a nipple through the fabric.

In his lap, Hannibal squirmed a little.

"Look how good you've been for Daddy," Will told him softly, cupping Hannibal's face and stroking beneath his eye. He slipped two fingers over Hannibal's lips and let him eagerly suck against them. "Touching yourself like a good boy, teasing just like Daddy does at home. Were you thinking of me, baby?"

"Yes, Daddy." Hannibal mumbled around the fingers in his mouth. Will stroked his thumb over Hannibal's cheek.

"You'll have to tell me later what you were thinking about," he said.

Hannibal drew his knees up and cupped his balls to hold them aside as fingers sought over his hole next, just rubbing there, teasing; Will hadn't told him to finger himself. Still, his legs spread wider, his body craving the penetration he knew he would get if only Will had been with him.

His thighs began to quiver, his heels digging deeper into the bedding as he braced himself. It was so much harder to hold out without Will there to encourage or debase him in turn, and his hand moved torturously slow over his cock as he struggled to hold back.

Will’s fingers moved slowly in and out of Hannibal’s mouth. After a few shallow thrusts, Hannibal realized he was matching the pace of his cock through his fist in the recording, as though Hannibal were fucking his own mouth. Hannibal turned a deeper shade of red, caught in place by Will’s fingers and unable to look away.

“That’s it, baby boy. Take it nicely for Daddy. We still have the rest of the week to get through.” Will’s voice was a low purr of pleasure. His free hand cupped the curve of Hannibal’s ass, rubbing over the soft skin.

“Daddy….” Hannibal whispered on screen. His watch began to beep, and with a relieved cry, he tightened his grip, fucking roughly into his fist.

Will’s fingers tested Hannibal’s gag reflex, forcing his head back, tucking a third finger between his lips to fill him up. Hannibal swallowed hastily around them like he did Will’s cock, teasing with his tongue as best he could while on screen he shuddered and fell to pieces, come splashing up over his nice white button down.

Will eased back as soon as on screen Hannibal sat up.

He was flushed, trembling, hair disheveled where he'd been shaking his head back and forth against the pillow. He looked to the camera again, eyes soft, expression warm and adoring.

"Thank you, Daddy. Good night."

The Hannibal in his lap made a helpless little noise and Will soothed him. Freeing his hand from Hannibal's mouth to shift the cursor to the next video to set it to play, wet fingers held aloft as he did. When he touched Hannibal again, he slipped just the middle finger between his lips for him to suck.

Same hotel room, different time of day; it was a little later. Hannibal looked more tired than he had the night before but he smiled at the camera as though it really were Will he was looking at.

"Hi Daddy," he said, voice soft. "I miss you. You just got off the phone with me and it was so good to hear your voice. I wish I could go home. I asked if I could leave early and you told me absolutely not, which I don't think is fair." Hannibal sighed, frowning a little, blush warming the apples of his cheeks.

"You told me that I'd get my mouth washed out with soap if I said the word I said to you on the phone again, and told me to look in my bag before I filmed myself for you and -"

Hannibal held up the wide hair brush that usually stayed at Will's house. It was rarely used for brushing hair.

Will cupped the curve of Hannibal’s ass again, smiling at how nicely the red had healed up since that night. He rubbed gently over Hannibal’s soft skin, pleased by Hannibal’s little whimper of understanding. Of course, there was only one way Will was ever going to play during a video like this.

“You told me fifteen,” Hannibal said, “and then bumped it up to twenty when I complained. Which I still don’t think is fair,” he added, red faced. “I’ve never had to do this to myself before.”

Will pinched Hannibal’s ass sharply. He yelped, squirming over Will’s lap as Will pinched again.

“You don’t think it’s fair, do you?” Will asked, voice low and dangerous and so very beautiful. “Horrible boy. Ass up.”

Hannibal and his video counterpart moved as one. Hannibal drew up his knees to prop his backside up for Will to touch, while on screen, he turned on all fours so his ass faced the camera.

Will rubbed the skin presented to him, letting his fingers slip between Hannibal's cheeks, down to press gently behind his balls. He could feel his boy tense in anticipation and relished it. Such a responsive and lovely thing when he wanted to be.

Hannibal drew back his hand and brought the flat back of the brush down hard against one cheek, immediately tensing and shifting away from the blow.

"One, Sir, thank you, Sir."

Will's hand landed just as sharply against Hannibal's plush bottom and his boy squirmed beneath him. He didn't repeat what his recorded self was saying; this technically wasn't a punishment, so Hannibal had nothing to apologize for. But Will relished spanking his boy; he was such a squirmy thing when he was embarrassed, always got so hard for his Daddy when Will took him over his knee.

Will echoed the next strike against Hannibal as both boys - on video and over Will's lap - gasped and curled their toes.

Will’s hands were clever, seeking out every place that made Hannibal squirm and whimper. The recorded session had felt good, but almost unbearably lonely. Now, Hannibal felt warm and loved, one hand smacking hard against his ass, the other twisting into his hair to hold him still for each steady blow.

“S-Seven, Sir, thank you, Sir.”

On screen, Hannibal's backside was beginning to bruise. Before Will, he’d done this to others, but not since meeting Will and never to himself. He didn’t know how to pull or stagger his blows, and he’d only barely healed from his punishment by the time he’d come home.

“Eleven, Sir, thank you, Sir.”

Hannibal whined as Will darkened his bruises. His cock was achingly hard, leaking onto the bed sheets. He wanted to tuck his face against the blankets, but every time he tried Will tugged him back by the hair, pinching at his sensitive skin.

“Behave, baby, we’re almost done.”

“‘M sorry, Daddy,” Hannibal panted quietly. He wanted to curl up and be cuddled, to be held. He’d missed Will *painfully* when he’d been away, and this was only stoking the fire in his belly; being spanked by Will, made to watch his own videos with him, embarrassed and aroused all in one confusing concoction.

“Fifteen, Sir, thank you, Sir.” Hannibal dropped his head forward a moment, catching his breath and letting the brush rest on the sheets as he crossed his ankles and trembled in pain.

One cheek was darker than the other; his right hand stronger even at the awkward angle. After several moments of whimpered little breaths, he reached for the brush again.

"I wish you were doing this, Daddy," he murmured, almost too quiet to hear, not projected like the other words had been. "Feels good when you do it."

"It's not meant to feel good, awful boy," Will praised him, rubbing Hannibal's ass as his boy twisted the sheets between his fingers. "It was meant to be a punishment."

"It was," Hannibal admitted. "It hurt to sit the next day."

"Good." Will bent to kiss the heated skin of one cheek and immediately slapped it as the Hannibal on screen resumed his own punishment. When he was finished, the video ran a few moments of white noise and Hannibal's breath hitching as he sobbed. Will ducked his head and caught Hannibal's chin gently, guiding him up for a kiss and a nuzzle.

"I missed you *terribly* while you were away," Will admitted, smiling when Hannibal's eyes tracked the movement of his own, bright and too-wide.

"I missed you too, Daddy," He whispered, "please, let me show you how much."

"You're going to show me," Will told him, leaning in to kiss the corner of his mouth, a teasing brush of lips. "In all those lovely videos you made for me."

Hannibal groaned, need and irritation coiling hot in his belly. Will swatted him over a particularly sore spot.

"Are you arguing with me?"

Pride dictated that Hannibal say yes, that he roll them over and rut against Will until *he* was the one begging. Self preservation said to lower his gaze and soften his expression, sweet and submissive. His submissive side won. With Will, it always did. "No, Daddy."

"Mmm, good boy. Now, if I recall, the next video was a very special one, wasn't it?"

Hannibal remembered it vividly. He hadn't been allowed to come that night, though Will knew well what extended nipple play did to him.

"Sit up," Will said, scooting back a few inches and spreading his thighs wide. "Come sit back against Daddy's chest."

Hannibal went on slightly shaky limbs, settling himself between Will's legs and drawing in a hitched breath as Will wrapped an arm around his waist and hauled him close.

Will kissed softly over Hannibal's shoulder, nuzzled against his throat, gently stroked over his stomach to soothe and settle him. Will loved tormenting Hannibal when they were playing, as much as he loved coddling him. He knew what his boy needed. Some days, Hannibal was bratty and proud, obsessive and perfectionist and aching for a punishment. Those days, Will would hold him close and remind him how special he was, how loved and

how lovely. Some days his boy was sweet, and needed nothing more than to be held and touched. Other days… other days he wanted to play.

"Set that video going for me," Will told him, freeing Hannibal enough to allow him to reach over and press play on the third little video file. When he sat back, Will kissed behind his ear.

"I hate that I'm missing play day," Hannibal pouted into the camera, without even a greeting to precede it. "The conference is exhausting and the lack of communication is making me irritable. I wish I could go home." For a moment, Hannibal looked genuinely miserable, brows furrowed and lips pursed, before he released his tension with a sigh and fixed the camera with a wicked look instead.

"You said, Daddy, that on play day I can choose to do whatever I want but I can't come. And I wanted to do what you love doing to me the most. You're mean when you want to be, Daddy."

"I can be, baby," Will whispered to his boy, now, grinning against his skin before tugging Hannibal's earlobe with his teeth. "And you love it, don't you?"

"Y-yes, daddy." He'd been coy and mischievous when he filmed the video, but now he regretted his teasing. He knew Will was going to take it out on him, repaying each smug little smirk with a twist or a pinch.

Hannibal laid back on the bed, completely bare and on display for the camera. His cock was already growing hard against his thigh, his mind doing the work of filling in the space Will should have filled.

"You always start slow," Hannibal murmured, reaching up to gently palm at his chest. "So careful with me. I'm older than you, I'm not fragile. But you like to draw things out."

Will touched Hannibal as he'd touched himself, trapping the small buds of his nipples between his fingers. It had been pleasant, alone in the hotel room, but here it was nearly unbearable.

"Daddy, please," Hannibal breathed.

Will chuckled in his ear, nipping playfully at the lobe. "It's too early to be begging me for mercy, little one."

He wasn't going to torture his boy too badly today; he'd missed him just as much as Hannibal had missed Will, if not more, perhaps. The beauty of their relationship was that Will felt just as safe with Hannibal, felt just as cared for and needed in the role he took on. He kissed over Hannibal's shoulder and up to his throat as he teased, and shifted how he sat so Hannibal could feel just how hard Will was for him already, just from this alone.

"You always tease, just your fingertips, round and round," Hannibal's voice was almost dreamy, soft and slow as he demonstrated what he was saying. His eyes were closed. He looked blissful already. "I love it when you touch me, Daddy," Hannibal sighed.

Gentle touches became slightly more deliberate; trapping the peaked little nubs between two fingers, just stroking them that way before teasing the tips with the flat of his thumb. Hannibal arched up into it, gasping and squirming in pleasure, smile wide and teeth sharp when he set them to his bottom lip. His cock was arched up against his belly, a beautiful curve.

Even in the dim light of the hotel room, Will could see how dark it was with blood. He moaned softly against Hannibal in his lap, his own eyes at half mast as he touched and teased and tugged his boy to breathless whimpers. One of Hannibal's hands fell heavy against Will's thigh and squeezed.

"Please,"

"Just a little longer for me," Will breathed, his voice roughening with his arousal. "Such a good boy choosing Daddy's favorite game for play day. Thank you, baby."

"My favorite, too." Hannibal prided himself on his language skills, but words entirely failed him when Will was pressed up against him like this. He grasped weakly for a thought, for consciousness of any kind, but all he found was Will, in every one of his senses, pinching at his nipples until he whined, tugging and pulling and-

Will's own control was tenuous at best. He shifted his grip on Hannibal, tilting him back so Will could bend awkwardly over him, sucking a peaked nipple into his mouth.

Hannibal's hands gripped Will's thighs tightly. He knew better than to grab him by the hair, but as Will grazed his teeth over the sensitive bud, his urges threatened to overwhelm him.

"Daddy please…." Hannibal's cock smeared fluid across his stomach. His back arched and his thighs spread, showing off as much of himself as he could. "Daddy, I'm gonna come."

"You better not have," Will growled into Hannibal's chest.

"I didn't -" he whispered, breathless, dropping his head back against Will as he spread his thighs wider, trying to keep any temptation, any friction away from his cock. "I promise I didn't."

"Good boy," Will praised, pulling back and soothing Hannibal with warm words and a spread hand over his stomach. "Such a good boy for Daddy."

"Daddy I'm so close…" Hannibal whined, dropping his hands to the bed and clinging to the sheets. He looked to the camera, eyes sleepy and bright, and smiled. "I can't wait to see you."

The video ran to black and Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal and held him close. He hadn't properly slept since Hannibal went away. He rarely slept well without Hannibal nearby. Now he just held him, tense with pleasure and trembling, hands slowly seeking over Will's where they held him to hold him back.

“One more video,” Will told him, smiling as he nuzzled Hannibal’s neck. “One more and then we can have dinner, hmm?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“I made your favorite,” Will said, kissing his cheek. “I want my boy to relax. Let Daddy take care of you.”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

Will kissed him again, soft and lingering, drawing the tip of his nose over Hannibal’s scruffy cheek. He’d have to shave his boy in the morning, have him sit in the kitchen, Hannibal’s head back against Will’s stomach as Will shaved him while coffee brewed.

The last video had been recorded the night before, and Hannibal already looked excited.

“Hi Daddy,” he said, smile wide, leaning close to the camera. “I get to see you tomorrow. And kiss you. And hold you close. I miss you.”

“I missed you too,” Will told him. His fingers played soft and light over Hannibal’s belly, teasing down the patch of hair that led down, down... but Will’s fingers never traced that last inch, and Hannibal groaned softly.

“You packed me a surprise,” Hannibal held up the box, wrapped neatly but in newspaper. “I have a few guesses, but you told me to wait until the last night.”

Carefully, Hannibal peeled back the paper. He sighed softly, a smile quirking at the corner of his mouth. “Exactly as I thought,” he said, pulling the thick vibrator from its packaging. “This is very cruel of you, Daddy. Making me wait. Giving me this when all I want is you.”

Will tucked a smile into Hannibal’s throat. “You’re gonna look so pretty when you work that into you. I won’t be able to resist you anymore.”

“Please,” Hannibal begged, reaching back to cling to Will’s shoulder.

“On your belly, baby. Face the screen.”

Hannibal groaned, shifting just enough for Will to get up from behind him and step away, before he wriggled around to lie on the bed as Daddy told him. He watched himself on screen, still talking softly, holding the toy, turning it over in his hands. Hannibal could still feel the phantom vibrations from it in his body, could still remember its girth.

It had felt wonderful. It had felt amazing.

But it was nothing like Daddy.

“Keep watching,” Will told him, kissing over his spanked ass as he spread Hannibal’s legs just a little more. When he reached for the lube, Hannibal moaned, rocking his hips into the bed impatiently. Will laughed warmly, teasing slick fingers between his cheeks as he looked up over Hannibal’s head to watch his boy play.

“God, Daddy, I can’t wait to get home to you,” Hannibal said. He’d moved to kneel on the bed, side-on to the camera, and slicked the toy up methodically, as he would work slick Will’s cock. “We can play with this new toy together.”

Hannibal tossed strands of hair from his forehead and grinned at the camera as he slipped a hand between his legs to work himself open.

Will eased two fingers into Hannibal, kissing the base of his spine when he gasped. “Still so tight for Daddy,” he praised.

Hannibal pushed back, moaning at the smooth glide against his prostate. Will curled his fingers perfectly, always touching Hannibal exactly like he needed to be touched.

Hannibal bent forward, bracing one arm against the bed. With the other, he pressed the toy against his entrance, whining at the slow stretch.

“S’big, Daddy,” Hannibal moaned, words thick in his mouth. The toy wasn’t monstrous, but it was big enough to give him trouble, big enough to make him long to have Will inside him. “Want you. You in me, or me in you, you always feel so good.”

“Next time,” Will promised, kissing the back of Hannibal's shoulder. “Next time Daddy will teach you how to fuck him properly. Open up, sweet boy.”

Will lined himself up and didn’t push in until Hannibal worked the toy into himself on screen, his cry absolutely helpless when he did. He hadn’t even turned it on. Will groaned as he slid into his boy, kissing reverently up his spine, nuzzling between his shoulders. Will let one hand find Hannibal’s, fingers threading together and squeezing.

“Feels so good,” Will sighed, pulling out just a little, just a shallow little shove back in again.

“I was thinking about you,” Hannibal panted quietly, “all day. Imagined you there with me, dressed up in a three-piece suit, tie just a little crooked, entirely uninterested in what anyone there had to say,” Hannibal laughed, a helpless, breathless noise of pleasure as he nuzzled the pillow and pulled the toy slowly out of himself before turning his wrist to change the angle on reentry.

“God I love you,” Hannibal sighed, gritting his teeth as he turned the toy to where he needed it to be. He fumbled with the button at the end and turned it on, voice pulling in bright surprise when the vibrations immediately shook him to the bones.

“Fuck - Daddy… feels so good,”

“Language, you terrible thing,” Will whispered, starting to fuck his boy in earnest as his counterpart took himself to the edge on screen. Will hadn’t forbidden Hannibal from coming with his toy, but he hoped that his boy remembered Will’s expectations. To make it last for them both, to ask properly, to enjoy himself to the absolute limit.

Will pinned him down, filling Hannibal in rough strokes that unmoored him. Hannibal’s toes dug into the mattress, the only leverage he could get with Will lying heavily atop him.

Hannibal watched himself with wide eyes, cries pushed from him by Will's cock while on screen he whined and writhed on the vibrator.

He looked desperate, sweat slicking his hair back, lips parted on loud, aching moans. The vibrator was strong enough that Hannibal could still hear it, could remember the way it had thrummed and ached inside him.

"Daddy, I need to come," he gasped, turning to kiss blindly at whatever part of Will he could reach. Will nipped playfully at his lips and then gripped his chin, turning him back towards the screen.

"Not yet, baby, not until I've had my fill of you."

"I only…. I only have it on a medium s-setting, Daddy. I think I could come in seconds with this."

Will laughed, thrusting cruelly into Hannibal's aching body, grinding over his prostate with every deep thrust.

"Baby boy, you never should have said that."

Hannibal moaned, writhing beneath Will, his aching cock rutting against the mattress. He was on fire, he was teetering over the edge, he was going to burst any second whether Will allowed it or not.

Hannibal squeezed around Will's cock, relishing the sound he drew from him, just as rough, just as mad with need. He knew how to get Will close, how to get him *there* just as easily as Will knew how to undo him. They fit. They were perfect.

"Please, Daddy -"

" *Please, Daddy!"*

Will laughed, breathless, and his hips stuttered in their rhythm as his boy - both his boys - begged him so earnestly for release.

"Sweet boy," he panted, sweaty forehead slipping against Hannibal's back. He clung to him, fingers white where they held each other. "My sweet boy, come on Daddy's cock now, come on… you're making Daddy feel so good."

Hannibal didn't need to be told twice. He arched his back, bore down, and let Will push aching pleasure from him.

He had come on the toy, the night before, though on the camera he was still pushing himself to hold out. He had wanted to last longer now, but being around Will undid him, every time, in the best possible way. His orgasm felt punched from him, and he whimpered Will's name as he collapsed back to bed, breathless and blissful.

Will growled into Hannibal's skin, sliding against him, fucking frantically into him as Hannibal's pulsating orgasm drew out Will's own. He spilled inside Hannibal, pressing kisses

across his shoulders.

“Daddy’s sweet boy,” Will gasped. “Such a good boy.”

He pulled out, hushing Hannibal’s uncomfortable grumble, and rolled onto his back. He dragged Hannibal overtop of him, stealing kiss after kiss until Hannibal came back to earth and kissed him back.

“Felt good, Daddy,” Hannibal whispered, hopefully in English.

Will nuzzled their noses together, his smile mischievous. “Just imagine how good you’ll feel tomorrow, when I try out our new toy on you.”

Hannibal groaned, dragging Will into another sloppy kiss.

End Notes

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